IRISH Popish

ENGLAND's

Irish Papists

England's Terror.

Iriſh Papiſts *England's* Terror:

SHEWING,

That *Engliſh* PROTESTANTS will Suffer the laſt Severities from the [illegible], in Caſe that he Succeeds in his preſent Attempt;

BECAUSE

A great and formidable Number of *Iriſh* [illegible] are Diſpers'd through theſe Kingdoms, in Order to Foment and Favour the preſent Rebellion.

——*Nunquam ſi quid mihi credis amavi,*
Hunc Populum——

ADDRESS'D to All thoſe *BRITAINS* who at Preſent Act Contrary to the HONOUR and SAFETY of their *Native Land.*

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by R. *Burleigh*, in *Amen-Corner.* MDCCXV.

[Price Three-pence.]

Irish Papists England's Terror:

SHEWING,

That English PROTESTANTS will Suffer the laſt Severities from the Papiſtical, in Caſe that he Succeeds in his preſent Attempt;

BECAUSE

A great and formidable Number of Irish Papists are Shipp'd through the Kingdoms, in Order to Encrease and Favour the preſent Rebellion.

Nunquam ſi quid mali dicam, dictum,
Haec Tyrtaeus.

ADDRESS'D to All thoſe BRITAINS who at Preſent Act Contrary to the Honour and SAFETY of their Native Land.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by R. Baldwin, in Amen-Corner. MDCCXV.

[Price Three-pence.]

Iriſh PAPISTS *England's* TERROR:

SHEWING,

That *Engliſh* PROTESTANTS will Suffer the laſt Severities from the Pretender, in Caſe that he Succeeds in his preſent Attempt, &c.

IF the Noble and Generous Spirit of the *Engliſh* Nation be not quite alienated, or ſunk, and the late tranſfuſion of Levity and Slavery, from the other Side of the Water, be yet Vincible by us, give me Leave to call you COUNTRYMEN ſtill; and from that Appellation,

tion,

tion, which carries Affection, Friendship and Good-Will along with it in every other Part of the World, to Invite you to a profest Attention to me, and to pay a serious and effectual Regard to what I am about to deliver.

And this I cannot but Promise to my self; because you may observe, that I have deviated in this Discourse from the ungracious and beaten Road of Party and Division; that I have stript my self, and disengag'd all my Notions and Arguments from whatever tends to favour of the common odious Cant of *Whig* and *Tory*, *High-Church* and *Low*; that I have forbore an attachment and adherence to Leading Persons, tho' never so Conspicuous or Valuable on other Scores; and that I apply my self to all honest and faithful Countrymen and Fellow-Citizens, as *Englishmen*, if *Englishmen* they be: For abstracted from Party, or any other Consideration, every One of them, as such, enjoys most

most invaluable Privileges and Bleſſings; in common ſhare with the reſt of Mankind, peculiarity of them to their own Conſtitution and Climate.

Now my preſent Conſiderations being entirely POLITICAL, give me Leave to remind you, my Countrymen, that as you are *Engliſh* Subjects, you have the pureſt, moſt Orthodox Religion in the whole Chriſtian World eſtabliſhed now you by Law; a Religion ſtrictly without the leaſt exception, to the Plan and Scheme that Chriſt your Saviour has Himſelf laid down, ſupported by the Strength of but few, and thoſe reaſonable, Conſtitutions; and rendered amiable by no Severity of Diſcipline, without the Simplicity of Enthuſiaſm, or the Incumbrances of Innovation and Superſtition; and as ye are Bleſſed with the Holieſt Religion, ſo are ye Happy in the Enjoyment and Influence of the perfecteſt Form of Civil Government that any Community

of

of People under Heaven have devis'd. Ye are Free whilst ye are Subjects; you are Obedient unto Laws, but they are Laws Fram'd and Enacted even by yourselves; your Time, your Fortune, your Bodies, your Families are at your own Disposal; and your Property, as well as Liberty, so much in your own Power, that no Person but you yourselves can infringe or give them away; and All in any Part of this is so much subjected to the Arbitrary Will of your Prince, to be dispos'd of as he pleases, that your Property and Obedience not only, but even his Prerogative, are secur'd and determin'd by Laws solely made for your mutual Security and Defence. What he Executes is Enacted by you both; He Protects you under the Umbrage of your own Laws; and by those Laws you are Subject, you Obey

led with the Honest Religion, to are

What then is this *Whig* or *Tory*, *High Church* or *Low*, to do in this Affair? And what Party can ye poſſi-

bly

bly Lift yourſelves under now, but that of an *Engliſhman*, who will enjoy theſe invaluable Privileges as long as he can; and that of a *Jacobite* or *Papiſt*, or ſome other known Enemy, who wou'd deprive you of them: Believe me, Gentlemen, the Affair is come to that Iſſue, you muſt be *Engliſhmen* or *Frenchmen*, *Proteſtant* or *Papiſt*; there is no poſſibility of a Medium: King GEORGE is Educated to Proteſtantiſm and Freedom; the Pretender to Slavery and Popery; and yet, Melancholly is the Conſideration! it is now a Controverſy, even with too many, who call themſelves *Engliſhmen*, which of theſe Two Perſons ſhall Reign over them; whether they will ſuffer the Proteſtant Prince, of a certain Birth, and known Deſcent from our *Britiſh* Monarchs, to enjoy in Quietneſs the Crown, which to ſo much Honour to Himſelf, and Advantage to Us, now Peaceably Adorns His Head; or whether they will wade through a Sea of Blood, through the Deſo-

lation of their Country, and Destruction of their Neighbours, nay, Relations and Friends, to introduce a Popish Prince, into the Throne of these Kingdoms, whom few Persons esteem Born of the Royal Family, and who has been Educated in Political as well as Religious Principles, contrary to the Genius of our files, and inconsistent with those Laws, which from a long Series of Ancestors have been deriv'd down to us? But was ever such a Question handed about in any Nation before? And will the rest of Mankind conclude, that you are Enthusiasts, if you decide in favour of the Impostor? No, they won't, they cannot conclude it. And that I may rouze you up into yourselves again, give me Leave, in Addition to all that has hitherto been said, concerning the Illustrious House of HANOVER, and the Mock-Court at *Bar-le-duc*, to lay but one Scene before you, to give you a just and full Abhorrence of the Attempt of this Popish Pretender;

and

and that is, his Invading you with an Army of *Irish Papists*.

It is now at length out of Controversy, that the High-landers of *Scotland*, under the Ingrateful and Perfidious Earl of *Mar*, their Head, have Declar'd for the Pretender; who being Persons of Desperate of no Fortunes, Wild, Unciviliz'd, and Fierce, Cruel and Barbarous by Nature, weary of an Uncultivated Soil, of a Mountainous and Horrid Country, Papists, or unacquainted with any Religion; nay, Strangers even to Good-nature, and Manners, and impatient of any Restraint or Government, any Decorum or Decency of Living; Rough as their own Rocks, and Furious, and Unpolish'd as their wildest Beasts; want nothing but the *Pleasures* of a Civil War, so agreeable to that Rapine by which they daily Live; and so little abhorrent of that constant Savageness, which, from the Womb to the Grave, they are accustom'd unto. These are one

Sett of People, my Country-men, whose Friendship and Assistance are so monstrously courted, and made use of at present, who having nothing to lose, must be the Gainers, let who will Triumph and Succeed at last; and who play this *sure Card*, that whilst they can neither improve your Intellectuals or Morals, mend your Manners, or advance your Interest, make you Better, or Richer, are sure, through a Commerce and Coalition with you, though founded upon the wickedest Principle in Nature, and Cemented by your own Blood, in a Civil War, they are sure, I say, to succeed in all these, and in every other Point whatsoever. A Blessed Union! A Creditable Alliance! And are these the happy Instruments of your Righteous Cause; of Exchanging a Peaceable Reign, for War and Tumult, and a Protestant Face of Affairs through the whole Kingdom, for an Air of Popery and Superstition; for the Encouragement of Jesuits and Fryars, the Introduction

duction of a *Spanish*, *French* and *Irish* Soldiery, for Popish Politicks at St. *James's*, and the erecting of Orthodox *Mass-Houses* in every County of the Nation. These, in Addition to our own False Brethren, are the Glorious Expectation and Support of so Holy and Commendable a Cause; to whom give me Leave to join one Pious and Good-natur'd Ally more, a true Lover of the Church and Constitution of *England*, and that is a Body of *Irish* Papists, Listed long since into the Meritorious Services of your pretended Popish King, and ready to obey his, or *Rome's* most Direful or Bloody Commands. Ah! my Country-men, are ye not yet touch'd? Can ye still be insensible under this most *pleasant* Application to your Lethargy, and will ye not be persuaded that it is impossible, that the Wolf should become Confederate with the Lamb, unless to devour him at last? *Irish* Papists! whose Courage is nothing but Cruelty; and who were Born at Home and

Bred

Bred Abroad, to an utter Aversion and Hatred of an *Englishman* and a *Protestant*: And yet these are to be the Foundation of a New Revolution in *England*; these are your Foreign pretended Popish King's Ornament and Defence; on these hang his Hopes and Expectations, and on you (Deluded Self-betrayers, and Murderers) on you their Fellow-Labourers and Friends. Let Night hereafter be turn'd into Day, and the Sun (as is Poetically imagin'd) unextinguish'd make his real Habitation in the Ocean; for a stranger thing than that of the Prophets is come to pass in our Days! Strange as any one thing possibly can be, *English Protestants are in Confederacy with Irish Papists*: And who can think of it without Astonishment and Horror!

That the Matter of Fact is true, may be prov'd by every Man's Observation; consult the proper Coffee-Houses, and some private, as well as publick Places of Converse and Meeting,

Meeting, in *London*, and the Country. Look Abroad into the Streets with Attention and Carefulness; make this but the diligent Subject of your Enquiries, and you will fully be perswaded that many, *many Thousands* of them are ready to begin or foment any Insurrection or Disturbance; and I can assure you Particularly, that within these Three last Years past, above Six Thousand *Veteran Irish Soldiers* have been transmitted to several Parts of *Great Britain*, from Foreign Countries, all Listed and Maintain'd for the Service of the Pretender, and ready to Assist in the last Fatal Blow to the Protestant Name, and Protestant Cause in these Kingdoms. [From whose Inveterate Malice, and All-devouring Sword, *Good Lord Deliver us.*] Awaken then, ye misguided *Englishmen*; *Hannibal*'s at your Gates; nay, has gotten within you; in your own Bowels are lodg'd those Seeds of Storm and Disturbance, that will utterly rend and tear you to pieces; their Hands are at your

Throats,

Throats, and they will give you no Time to Expostulate or Complain; no, not you, who invited First, and entertain'd them Afterwards. And now having Appeal'd to yourselves for the Truth of their being amongst you; consider what the Consequence of it will be; it will, if you do not oppose them, my Country-men, be the setting of a Popish King upon the Throne of your Ancestors, and the Rewarding of *Irish* Cut-Throats, High-land-Robbers and *English* Desperado's, Papists and Jacs for so doing, at the Expence of your own Lives and Fortunes. Have you forgot the Terror that you were in, when an *Irish* Army, in Eighty-eight, shak'd the Courage of the whole *English* Nation at once. Do you not remember the Horror of an Universal Massacree, and the unexempled Panick those fierce and enrag'd Islanders created in several Parts of your Counties, as they March'd in Bodies, after they were Disbanded; and, because Providence sav'd you at that Time,

will

will you now by the same Method, utterly Contribute to the Destroying of yourselves.

For God's sake, Country-men, awaken; take this kind Alarm that is given you, and remove the Viper from your Breasts. Remember the *Hundred and Fifty-Thousand* Protestants, that were Butcher'd, not Murther'd, by *Ten-Thousand* cruel Artifices in *Ireland*, within the Space of Three Months, in the Fatal Year of our Lord, 1641; remember the inimitable Sorrow of the Protestants there, in One thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, what Barbarities, what Death, what Imprisonment *they* suffer'd, who stay'd to behold and feel the Effects of *Irish* Rage and Malice in that Kingdom during that War, and the Sufferings of others, who for the sake of their Religion and Lives, left their Plentiful Habitations, left Affluence, Ease and Prosperity, to come and depend upon Providence and Charity here. Consider how in

Ireland, the Papists at once Poſſeſs'd themſelves of Places, Eſtates and Churches; And how they Out-law'd, Kill'd, Baniſh'd or Impriſon'd every Proteſtant Subject, of that Nation; and forget not, I beſeech you, the Schemes laid for Accompliſhing the ſame Deſigns *here*; inſomuch, that even Two private Centinals, on their March in *England*, cou'd Quarrel and Fight (whereby one of them fell) upon the imaginary Proſpect of becoming Poſſeſs'd, very ſoon, of a *fine Seat*, belonging to an *Engliſh* Proteſtant, which at that Time they happen'd to paſs by: And are ye *Engliſhmen!* are ye Proteſtants! and can ye encourage or join with this Sort of Men; who, when by your Means they have obtain'd their End, are oblig'd by their Religion, prompted by Nature, engag'd by Intereſt, to make an End of you. 'Twere not unfair to Argue you out of any Coalition with theſe Men, or their Deſigns, by mentioning a National Odium between you and them; but

this

this I cannot forbear obſerving, that the *Iriſh* reck'ning themſelves to have been in a long State of Oppreſſion and Conqueſt from the *Engliſh*, are never free from a Deſign and Deſire to throw off the Yoak whenever they can, and to free themſelves from the Conquerors by Murder, by Maſſacree, whenever it lies in their Power; and this with regard to *Engliſh* Proteſtants, as well as thoſe that are *Iriſh*. Beware, therefore, of that Cauſe, ever beware of it, which *Iriſh* Papiſts embrace; for though their Succeſs in diſfavour of His Majeſty King GEORGE, and of Conſequence their Attempts to Settle the Pretender amongſt you, may pleaſe a preſent *diſſatisfied Turn of Thought*; yet remember, that the ſame Perſons who thus eſtabliſh the latter, will infallibly at laſt, prove the Deſtruction of you; and that being rais'd on your Shoulders, they will pluck that Fruit, wherewith at laſt they will Poiſon and Kill you. But ſuppoſe, my deluded Country-men, that 'twere poſ-

ſible that theſe *Iriſh* Papiſts (with a Numberleſs Crew of *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian* Bigots, in your Kingdom) ſhou'd, when their Grand Deſign were Accompliſh'd, and the Pretender Settled on the Throne, permit you to enjoy the Inheritance of your Fathers, or the Sweat of your own Brow, (which never can be permitted long) becauſe you ſo kindly join'd with 'em in effecting ſo bleſſed a Turn of Affairs; yet conſider what your Proteſtant Neighbours and Friends, nay, your Relations, your Father, your Brethren, who will infallibly oppoſe this Scheme with their laſt Drop of Blood, what they muſt firſt undergo, not only from you, who muſt Sheath your Swords in one anothers Bowels, and (it may be) often ſhed that Blood from whence you came, take that Life away which gave you Being; but alſo from an enrag'd Party of hateful *Iriſh* Papiſts, who from your Encouragement will have it in their Power to exert all their Barbarities and Cruelties upon

theſe

theſe your Neighbours and Friends; to whoſe Rage nothing can put a ſtop, and to whoſe aggravated Exaſperation againſt *Engliſh* Proteſtants nothing now can be added: For beſides the Native Cruelty of theſe *Iriſh*, beſides the Baniſhment which they reckon they have ſuffer'd for many Years in Foreign Parts, they have the Inveteracy of *Rome* added ſtrongly to the Compoſition; they have the Experience of Travel, and many Campaigns thrown in to make them Formidable; they can be patient of Hunger and Cold; and when all this is added to theſe Mens Paſſions, ſtimulated with Revenge, ſpirited by a moſt wicked Religion, buoy'd up with the Proſpect of Riches and Greatneſs, animated by the Thoughts of being all Hero's, who are to Relieve *England*, and do Juſtice to their Native Land: What a Bloody Sacrifice muſt we Fall to this compound Idol of *Iriſciſm*! How little Mercy or Indulgence can we expect, whoſe Tender Conſciences dictates to us to Oppoſe

pose them, and every Design that Favours their pretended King! And can ye still persist to foment the miserable Seeds of a Civil War! Will ye, out of a temporary Pique to King *George*, for Displacing Persons obnoxious to Him, (and didn't Queen *Anne* do the same?) will ye involve us in Blood and Plundering now, and entail *Popery* and *Mass-mongers* on our Posterity for evermore! It isn't to *Papists*, my Countrymen, I speak; they are upright, and perswaded of the Lawfulness of what they do; but 'tis to you Protestants, who, forgetful of your Holy Religion, Traitors to your Country, ingrateful to your Friends, unkind to your Neighbours, unnatural to your Kinsmen, your own Flesh and Blood, overlooking your Interest, prostituting your Conscience, breaking through most Solemn Oaths and Promises, trampling the Laws of the Land on Foot, and breaking through all Things Sacred and Prophane, wou'd undo, utterly undo, your selves now, and all the Protestant Part of the King-

dom,

dom, and involve the Child unborn in a Civil War, and Blood; for, believe me, you can't soon accomplish your wicked Designs; your best Proposal is, the lingring Prospect of a dying and reviving War, for some Years to come: But let me tell you, that that Righteous Cause, which God has so visibly favour'd, may, and is likely, thro' the Help of Providence, and the Wisdom of our Protestant King, and His able and true Ministers, to throw down all Opposition before it; and then consider, what you are to expect. I can't but inform you, that to shew Mercy to you wou'd be a wronging of Justice. Look therefore into your selves, I beseech you; you are Allies with *Irish Papists* and *Scotch Highlanders*, with *Jesuits* and *Jacobites*, with *False Protestants* and *Traiterous Englishmen*; your King is an *Outlaw*, a *Papist*, and of *uncertain Birth*; your Chiefs are *James Butler* and *Henry St. John*, Men of Pleasure, little Depth; one Betray'd the Councils, t'other the Arms of his Country; and both Betray'd our Allies;